

THE
T E M P L E
O F
D U L L N E S S.

With the HUMOURS of
SIGNOR *CAPOCHIO*,
AND
SIGNORA *DORINNA*.

A COMIC OPERA of Two Acts.

As it is Perform'd at the
E. Gibber
THEATRE-ROYAL *in* Drury-Lane.

The MUSIC by Mr. ARNE.

L O N D O N;

Printed for J. WATTS: And Sold by B. DOD at the Bible and
Key in *Ave-Mary-Lane* near *Stationers-Hall*.

M DCC XLV.

[Price One Shilling.]

THE
TEMPLE

DUBLIN
SIGNOR CROCHON

AND
SIGNORA DOLLY
A Comic Opera of Two Acts

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The Music by Mr. Arne

LONDON:
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*A short PREFACE, by way of Argument, to the
following Piece.*

MR. Pope, in his last *Dunciad*, makes the Goddess of *Dullness* preside over *Italian Operas*, from whence her Character is taken. The Allegory of her being in Love with *Merit*, but scorn'd and avoided by him, and of his being betray'd by *Negligence* into the Temple of *Dullness*, is obvious.

The Characters of *Capochio* and *Dorinna* are a Translation from a favourite *Italian Intermexzo*, that was written to banter one of their Directors and Singers.

Merit is suppos'd a Gentleman of good Sense and sound Judgment; and being introduc'd, chiefly to give his Opinion of what Musical Performances ought to be, does not speak in *Recitative*.

When the Goddess of *Dullness* finds herself totally slighted and abandon'd by *Merit*, she is glad to take up with *Pappibello*, and declares, that, henceforward, she and he will be inseparable.

Capochio sees that *Dorinna* is an affected, conceited sort of a Lady; therefore flatters and compliments her to Extravagance. 'Tis customary in *Italy* for People of Quality and Fortune generously to contribute towards the Operas: In which Case, they give a handsome Salary to one who understands the Business, and employ him as a Director or Manager: *Capochio* being so employ'd, and the Money not coming out of his Pocket, agrees to give her whatever Salary she shall demand, provided she will take him in the Bargain, his Scheme being to keep her with her own Money.

Dorinna, finding his Aim, and that he is an affected Coxcomb, despises him in reality; but flatters him with Hopes,
'till

'till she can get her Contract sign'd, and then intends to give him the slip: This makes him compleatly happy in Imagination: The *Duetto* between them, and a general *Chorus*, concludes the Opera.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Signior Capochio, an Opera Director.</i>	<i>Mr. Waltz.</i>
<i>Signior Puppibello, an Opera Singer.</i>	<i>Mr. Lowe.</i>
<i>Merit,</i>	<i>Mr. Blakes.</i>
<i>The Goddess of Dullness.</i>	<i>Mrs. Sybilla.</i>
<i>Signiora Dorinna, a Virtuosa.</i>	<i>Mrs. Arne.</i>
<i>Faddlini, her Maid.</i>	<i>Miss Cole.</i>
<i>Negligence, Attendant on Dullness.</i>	<i>Miss Young.</i>

Tailors, Dressers, Prompter's Boy, &c.



THE



THE
TEMPLE of DULLNESS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, A TEMPLE.

The Goddess of Dullness is discover'd reclining on a Couch, her Throne is adorn'd with Figures, some sleeping, some yawning, others stretching.

An affected Symphony is play'd, during which, she sometimes raises her Head, then nods with Sleep: When the Symphony is done, she rises and speaks.

DULLNESS.

EASE, O ye Trebles, double Basses cease,
Unless your Harmony cou'd lull my Sorrows:
The drowsy Hum of one invites to sleep;
The sprightly Squeak of t'other keeps me awake.
This Day a Youth of fair and manly Prime,
On whom I fain wou'd fix my stupid Soul,
By *Negligence*, my Hand-maid, is betray'd
Into this Temple. Long with muddled Head,
And Verses all compos'd of true Bombast,
I've courted *Merit*; but he flies me still:
Ev'n now, I fear he'll spurn me from his Arms;
For, how shou'd *Merit* be ally'd to *Dullness*.

B

A I R.

A I R.

*Te wand'ring Whims, whose airy Flight
Plagues Grub-Street Poets Day and Night,
Fly, in Disorder, to his Brain;
Tell him, I languish and complain;
Confound his Intellects, that he
May love, and doat, and rave like me.*

Enter Negligence, enticing Merit in.

A I R.

*Dear, sweet Mr. Merit,
Walk in and inherit
The Riches and Splendor,
That here are display'd:
A Goddess invites
To uncommon Delights;
Then quickly advance, Man,
And be not afraid:
When a Lady so gentle
Submissively sues;
Pray, where is the Merit,
If you shou'd refuse?*

*Merit. Say, fair Inchantress, whither hast thou led me?
What Temple's this? and what those various Figures,
So shocking to the bright, inspir'd Mind?*

[Negligence slips away.]

*And see a Form advance. What art thou, speak,
Whose Looks betray a Head and Mind disturb'd,
And throw a Stupefaction o'er my Senses?*

Dull.

Dull. The Goddess *Dullness* I, who, for thy Love,
 Wou'd gladly clarify my clouded Brain,
 And, for a Smile, lose *Immortality*;
 But that can never be, while witless Bards
 Presume to write, and in their Garrets vile,
 Translate *Italian* Operas for Bread.

Merit. Confusion! I'm betray'd: my Guide is gone.
 O *Negligence*, thou Robber of old Time,
 Thou stealest that, in some unguarded Hours,
 Which all his future Progress can't retrieve.
 Goddess, adieu, I'll fly this Temple vile,
 Nor ever fear thy Frown, or court thy Smile.

The Lark, advancing to the Skies,
 His untaught Notes, delighted sings;
 But if an envious Hawk he spies,
 With double Speed he upward springs,
 'Till having quite out-flown the heavy Bird of Prey,
 He revels in the Beams of the bright God of Day. [*Exit.*

Dull. [*Sola.*] He's gone, and Anger sparkled in his Eyes,
 Let this his Folly teach me to be wise.
 O *Puppibello*! Come with gentle Art,
 And urge thy just Pretensions to my Heart;
 I'll try to love; lest I be left alone,
 And no dull, senseless Blockhead share my Throne.

Enter Negligence.

Neg. Please your Divinity, --- Signior *Puppibello*
 Desires Admittance.

Dull. He's a charming Fellow.
 Conduct him in --- His sweet enchanting Voice [*Exit Neg.*
 Shall justify in me a second Choice.

Enter Puppibello.

Pupp. Adored Goddess! your obsequious Slave: [*Kneels.*
 Long have I been a Suitor for thy Love:
 All Men of Sense agree that mostly I
 May claim a Share of thy Divinity.

A I R.

*Brightest Nymph, turn here thine Eyes,
 Behold thy Swain despairs and dies.*

Dull. O Bravo, Caro, dolce Puppibelli,
 Share thou my Throne, and vie with *Farinelli*.

Pupp. Thanks, Goddess dear, accept a grateful Heart,
 That from thy Deity will ne'er depart.

D U E T T O.

Pupp. Sweetest Cause of all my Pain,
 Pride and Glory of the Plain,
 See my Anguish,
 See me languish,
 Pity thy expiring Swain.

Dull. Gentle Youth, of my Disdain,
 Ah! too cruel you complain,
 My tender Heart
 Feels greater Smart;
 Pity me, expiring Swain.

Pupp. Do not then my Pangs despise,
 For ever all Disdain remove.

Dull. Can you not read my wishing Eyes?
 Ah, must I tell you that I love?

Pupp. I faint, I die,

Dull. And so do I.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

S C E N E II. *An Anti-Chamber, with a Spinet.*

Signiora Dorinna, and Faddlini her Maid.

Dor. Quick, quick dispatch, and mind Affairs,
 Bring the Spinet, and set the Chairs.
 O, how much Patience had one need
 With this perverse, vexatious Breed!
 She knows, this Instant I expect here
 A Foreigner, *et un Directeur*;
 Yet what a Litter all about!
 Fly, fly, be gone, and wait without,
 And there attend my Ambasciatas. *[Exit Fad.*
 Now let me run o'er these Cantatas.

[Turns over some Papers.

This is too difficult, This out of Fashion,
 Void of all modern Grace and Passion.
 What Transports can that Music make,
 That wants the *Demisemiquaver* and the *Shake*?
 Oh! this will do. ---- But hark! 'tis he;
 Escort him up immediately.

*Enter Signior Capochio.**Cap.* Madam ----

Dor. Signior Capochio, I am profoundly yours:
 Your Chair, I pray.

Cap. Signora Dorinna,
 To stand a Summer's Day,
 Ev'n tho' the Dog-Star were at Height,
 On your Commands would be Delight.

Dor. A Compliment extravagant! Signor ---

Cap. Madam, *son * Vostro Servitor.*

** In English, Your Servant.*

Madam,

Madam, in our *Britannic* Isle,
 Nature on Music loves to smile :
 A pompous Theatre we boast,
 (Supported at the publick Cost)
 For which, your humble Slave comes hither
 To get a Company together;
 Yourself, the chief of our Ambition;
 No Voice with your's in Competition.
 We pour out Gold by Bags-full down ;
 Agree, and make the Terms your own.

Dor. That Article, indeed, has Weight ;
 Tho' there is one Objection yet. —

Cap. Pray what ?

Dor. Our Language would be new,
 Quite foreign, and unknown to you.

Cap. Eh ! make no Strain of that Affair ;
 We give a Book to the *Parterre* ;
 And, so the Singing be but good,
 No Reason Words be understood.

A I R.

Cap. *Resolve, and to your sweet Controul,*
I make a Tender of my Soul.
Those brilliant Eyes like Lamps inspire
My glowing Breast with fierce Desire ;
I sigh ; --- but ev'ry Sigh is Fire.

Dor. You are so courteous ---

Cap. Oh, my Heart !

One Air, I hope, ere we depart.

Dor. How strange his Figure and his Fashion !

Cap. You will --- she's full of Affectation.

[*Aside.*

Dor.

D U L L N E S S.

7

Dor. If I comply, 'tis great Assurance.

Cap. O, doubt not : --- This is past Endurance. [*Aside.*]

A I R.

Dor. Stern God of Love, be not so spiteful,

Cap. (Oh, delightful!)

Dor. But deign, in Pity, to relieve A ---

Cap. * (Che viva.) * (Long live.)

Dor. A Heart, that swells and bursts with Pain.

Cap. (That again, O Brava!)

Dor. Too, too tyrannick is thy Law,

Cap. * (Bell' Trillo, in Verità.) * (A fine Shake, indeed.)

Dor. Break not; but sooth me to my Awe.

Cap. * (O Cara!) * (dear Creature.)

Dor. Cruelty never ---

Cap. (Encor, for ever.)

Dor. A Convert did gain.

Cap. You so excell,
Your Voice is clear as any Bell :
And then, so voluble your Throat,
That you devour Note after Note.

Dor. You must perform to Admiration,
That speak in such a feeling Fashion,

Cap. Nay, you shall hear, I'm not precise;
Nor stay to be intreated twice.

(Draws a Cantata out of his Pocket.)

A I R.

Thy sweetest Beams of Love impart,
Bright Salamander of my Heart!

My

The T E M P L E of

*My tortur'd Heart, that burns and fries,
Beneath the Aetna of thy Eyes.
Soften the Rigour of thy Brow,
On whose broad Arches, all a-row,
Young Cupids ride, and frisk and play,
And keep eternal Holyday.*

Dor. The tedious Fool!

[*She beckons her Maid, who comes to her and whispers.*
Signor, a Set of Company
Are met, and only wait for me.
Pardon, --- I must be gone at once.

D U E T T O.

Cap. *I must obey my Fate unkind;
But think I leave my Soul behind.*

Dor. *Permit me wait you to your Chair;*

Cap. *No, I declare.*

Dor. *I must ---*

Cap. *You must not --- pray, forbear.*

[*She still offering to follow him.*

Nay, if you stir, I cannot go.

Dor. ** O Si, Si, Si.*

** (O Yes, yes, yes.)*

Cap. *O No, no, no.*

[*They go off different ways with great Ceremony.*



ACT



A C T II. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *A Bed-chamber.*

Merit sitting at a Table, with Shakespear's Play of Troilus and Cressida; he reads the following Speech of Ulysses to Achilles on the Path to Honour.

‘ **F**OR Honour travels in a Streight so narrow,
 ‘ Where one but goes a-breast; keep then the Path:
 ‘ For Emulation hath a thousand Sons,
 ‘ That one by one pursue; if you give way,
 ‘ Or turn aside from the direct Foreright,
 ‘ Like to an entred Tyde, they all rush by,
 ‘ And leave you hindermost.-----

*This is a noble Speech, a just Reproof
 To me, for Time mispent with Negligence;
 For, though I bear a mortal Hate to Dullness,
 Yet this her Handmaid has alluring Charms,
 That often lead me from the Path to Honour.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, *Negligence* desires Admittance.

Merit. Say I am not at home, I'm ill, say any thing.

Serv. She wou'd not be deny'd: She's at the Door.

Enter Negligence.

A I R.

*With speed like swiftest Antelope,
 Or Bull express sent from the Pope,*

C

I've

I've brought a Present, no; much better:

I've brought you, Sir, ----- another Letter.

[Merit opens the Letter, and reads.

Dear MERIT,

*Notwithstanding your monstrous Disregard and Ingratitude, I cannot help wishing once more to see you: All I request, is, that you will repair to the Opera-House, where they are just going to rehearse a Scene of a new Opera under my Patronage, compos'd by Signior Capo Pazzo *: All that's wanting, is the Approbation of Merit, which wou'd give a Sanction to it among Men of Parts, who seldom go to Italian Operas.*

Dear MERIT,

I wish (but I fear in vain) to be

Eternally yours,

DULLNESS.

Pray tell the Goddess, I'll this once attend
Her Summons; by thy wanton Form allur'd,
And not by her inanimated Eyes.

*Neg. Lard, Sir, you make me blush. ----- Your humble
Servant.* *[Exit.*

*Merit. This Hour to Negligence shall be resign'd,
Too constant Application hurts the Mind.* *[Exit.*

* Capo Pazzo, *A nick Name, that was given to Vera---i in Italy. In English, Crazy Head.*

S C E N E

S C E N E II. *The Opera-House.*

*The Goddess of Dullness, Signior Capochio, Signior Puppibello,
Signiora Dorinna, Taylors, Dressers, Prompter's Boy, &c.*

A I R.

*Pupp. Hither all the Warblers throng,
Taking Money,
Milk and Honey,
Taking Money for a Song.*

*Dor. 'Tis a most hideous Dress I swear;
Where is the Majesty and Air?
The Train of an imperial Vest
Shou'd sweep full three Yards long at least.*

Cap. You act the Heroine of this Piece?

Dor. O Sir, yes. -----

*No more of your Fatigue: Away. [To the Dressers.
I'll wear it, as it is, to Day.*

*Cap. Wretches, be gone. [The Taylors, Dressers, &c. go off.
That Fiddle-faddle's done at last. [Aside.*

Dor. These Plagues are not to be surpass'd.

*Cap. When you a loud Applause shall hear
From ev'ry part o' th' Theatre,
These slight Fatigues will cease of course.*

Dor. I from an Audience fear still worse.

A I R.

*Humours, various as their Faces,
Ever busy, shifting Places,
Serious Dons with Noise debating,
Flutt'ring Fops, as idly prating,
Bowing, sneezing, ogling, gazing,
Wrongly raptur'd or dispraising,
All themselves in kind Display.*

One your Voice, or Gown displeases;
 One a Fit of Coughing seizes;
 Here an inattentive Lover
 Wishes the dull Stuff were over:
 Self admiring, with Grimaces,
 Here one trills out mimick Graces,
 Boist'rous all,-----because they pay.

Enter Merit.

Dull. You're welcome, Sir,---Your most obedient Servant.
 This Gentleman, my Friends, is Mr. Merit.

[Takes him by the Hand, and introduces him.]

This is Signor Capochio, Director.

This the most fam'd Signora Dorinna.

This the renowned Signor Puppibello.

Be seated pray, [To Merit.]---And now begin the Scene.

Dor. This plaguy Scene gives me Vexation,
 For 'tis a Scene of Agitation,
 Where Cleopatra comes in Chains,
 And mourns her Grief and inward Pains.
 I dread the force of Passion which
 May strain my Voice above its Pitch.

Cap. Hear, Scene-men, draw the Prison-scene.

Where is the Prompter's Boy?

Sirrah, bring the Chains,

And fetch an orient Pearl and Cup.

Make me your *Anthony*, I'll drink it up.

[To Dorinna.]

Dor. That's not our Story, 'tis another,

A Contest with the Prince, her Brother.

Cap. I'm then content to hear:

My Taper this, this my * *Libretto*,

* *A little Book.*

And now I'm fix'd in my || *Palchetto*. || *A Box, or Balcony.*

[Signiora Dorinna goes to the Top of the Stage, and
 walks down in a melancholy manner.]

A I R.

A I R.

O Walls, and Glooms, and barb'rous Stones!

Dungeons unconscious of my Moans!

Will ye not melt to set me free,

While from these Eyes I shed a Sea.

Dull. Alas, poor Girl!

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Dor. Th' Usurper, that usurps my Throne,
(Can Brothers bear such Hearts of Stone?)

Is Ptolemy,

'Tis he, 'tis he.

Dull. O barb'rous Deed!

A I R *continues.*

Dor. *Beneath the Load of Chains and Anguish,*
I feel my Limbs and Spirits languish.

Tyrannic Tyrant, Ptolemy,

Enjoy my Woes and Misery;

I feel, I faint; ---- I feel, I die.

Cap. Water, Water; quick, some Water.

Dor. What's the matter?

Cap. So to the Life your Part you hit,
I swear I thought you in a Fit.

But come; now let us have the Air.

Dor. What Air? The Scene is finish'd there.

Cap. Finish'd! The Poet, pardon me,
What! end without a Simile!

I, in an Opera of mine,

Did, in one Air, two Similes join:

An Art, so quite unknown before,

That the whole House cry'd out, *Encor!*

Dull.

Dull. May I not hear it?

Cap. Surely, yes.

I know 'twill please her to Excess.

Suppose a Lover in Distress.

[*Aside.*

[*To Dullness.*

A I R.

*So the poor Butterfly by Night,
Awak'd by chance, in dread Affright,
Lost in its gloomy Flight,
Flutt'ring, flutt'ring,
Inly mutt'ring,
Seems to ask the Aid of Light.*

*Or so some Vessel, on the Seas,
Tost by the North or Southern Breeze,
Knowing the Wreck that must ensue;
For swift Redress,
Fires off her Cannons of Distress;
Bum, bum, bu, bu!*

[*Merit laughs; the rest cry Bravo.*

Dor. What Poesy! You are
In ev'ry Point, most singular.

Cap. So I've been told a thousand Times,
I'm never at a loss for Rhimes.

Dull. Well, Mr. Merit, what's your Opinion?
Of this fine Scene, perform'd by Signiora Dorinna?

Merit. If you mean it a Burlesque on the Poetry of an ill-
written Opera, I think it a very good one.

Dull. O fy! The Words are Signior Scribbleini's, and ex-
cellent in kind.

Merit.

Merit. I cannot find out the Excellence of Walls, and Grooms, and Stones, and Dungeons melting to set a Lady free, nor can I launch out into Raptures at errant Nonsense. Musick I love, equal at least to any Art or Science; but while we in *England* speak a Language equal, in Delicacy, to any, superior in nervous Energy to most, I shall save my Transports for Performances, where Sense and Sound are properly united, or as *Milton* says,

‘Where Sound is married to immortal Verse.’

Farewel to *Dullness* and to *Negligence*;
Since both are Foes to Virtue and Good-sense.

[*Exit.*

Dull. Come hither, *Puppibello*, share my Throne;
The World shall know that you and I are one.

A I R.

Pupp. To Beauty compar'd, pale Gold I despise,
No Di'monds can sparkle like your brighter Eyes:
Let Misers with Pleasures survey their bright Mass,
With far greater Rapture I look on that Face,
Gold lock'd in my Coffers for me has no Charms;
Then its Value I own,
Then I prize it alone,
When it tempts blooming Beauty to fly to my Arms.

[*Puppibello* sits at the right Hand of *Dullness*..

Dor. Now to your Contract -----

Cap. Oh, that's done.

I'll sign a Blank, your own Terms make,
Only your Slave among them take.

D U E T T O.

DUETTO.

Cap. O how I languish to possess
Beauty which warms me to Excess!

Dor. O fye Signor, you make me start,
Your Proposition is so smart.
I must be gone.

Cap. - - - - - Faith, so must I;
Yet let me hope that you'll comply?

Dor. Affected Coxcomb! but no matter,
'Tis now my Interest to flatter.

Cap. One tender Look from that bright Eye,

Dor. So just a Suit who can deny?

CHORUS.

Adieu to Merit, Dullness hail!

For he, affecting to be wise,
Would have Good-sense alone prevail;
She raises Nonsense to the Skies.

F I N I S.

